The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE Author of
"The Fighting Fool"
"Hidden Waters"
"The Textican," Mustrations by Don J. Lavin

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the berder town of Goddaden But meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Maxico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been theated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently spent a large sum in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and De Landto every for taxes. revert for taxes. Hooker and De Lan-ry arrive at Fortuna near where the sine, known as the Eagle Tall, is locey arrive at anime, known as the Eagle Tan, cated. They angage the services of Cru pated. They ansage the services of Cru pated. Who has been friendly to Kruge to acquire the title for them, and get to acquire the title for them. to acquire the title for them, and get permit to do preliminary work. Arag protests and acquires them of jumping i claim. But discovers that matrimon claim. But discovers that matrimonfal entanglements prevent Mendes from perfecting a valid title. Phil, who has been paying attention to Aragon's daughter. Gracia, decides to turn Mexican and get the title in his own name. Bud objects to Phil's attentions to Gracia. Aragon falls in his attempt to drive them off the claim. Rebels are reported in the vicinty. Stories of rapine and bloodshed are brought in. Bud and Phil begin work in

CHAPTER XIII Continued

It was slow work; slower than they had thought, and the gang of Mexicans that they had hired for muckers were marvels of ineptitude. Left to themselves, they accomplished nothing, since each problem they encountered seemed to present to them some element of insuperable difficulty, to solve which they either went into caucus or waited for the boss.

To the Mexicans of Sonora Bernardo Bravo was the personification of all the malevolent qualities-he being a bandit chief who had turned first general and then rebel under Maderoand the fact that he had at last been driven out of Chihuahua and therefore over tuto Sonora, made his malevodence all the more imminent.

Undoubtedly, somewhere over to the east, where the Sierras towered like a blue wall, Bernardo and his outlaw followers were gathering for a raid, and the raid would bring death to So-

He was a bad man, this Bernardo Bravo, and if half of the current stories were true, he killed men whenever they failed to give him money, and was never too hurried to take a fair daughter of the country up behind him, provided she took his fancy.

Yes, surely he was a bad man-but that did not clear away the rock.

For the first week Phil took charge of the gang, urging, directing and cafoling them, and the work went merrily on, though rather slowly. The Mexicans liked to work for Don Felipe, he was so polite and spoke such good Spanish; but at the end of the week it developed that Bud could get more

Every time Phil started to explain anything to one Mexican all the others stopped to listen to him, and that took time. But Bud's favorite way of directing a man was by grunts and signs and bending his own back to the task. Also, he refused to understand Spanish, and cut off all longwinded explanations and suggestions by an impatient motion to go to work, which the trabajadores obeyed with shrugs and grins.

So Don Pelipe turned powder-man and blacksmith, sharpening up the drills at the little forge they had fashtoned and loading the holes with dynamite when it became necessary to break a rock, while Bud bossed the unwilling Mericans.

In an old tunnel behind their tent they set a heavy gate, and behind it they stored their precious powder. Then came the portable forge and the Stacksmith shop, just inside the mouth of the cave, and the tent backed up against it for protection. For if there ts any one thing, next to horses, that the rebels are wont to steal, it is giant powder to blow up culverts with, or to lay on the counters of timorous country merchants and frighten them into making contributions.

As for their horses, Bud kept them belled and hobbled, close to the house, and no one ever saw him without his oun. In the morning, when he got up, took it from under his pillow and sung it on his belt, and there it

stayed until bedtime. He also kept a sharp watch on the traff, above and below, and what few men did pass through were conscious of his eye. Therefore it was all the more surprising when, one day, looking up suddenly from heaving at a great rock, he saw the big Yaqui soldier, Amigo, gazing down at him from

the cut bank. Yes, it was the same man, but with difference—his rifle and cartridgeits were absent and his clothes were torn by the brush. But the same natured competent smile was there, and after a few words with Bud he leaped nimbly down the bank and taid hold upon the rock. They pulled together, and the boulder that had afted Bud's gang of Mexicans moved

ally for the two of them. Then Amigo seized a crowbar and showed then he ant down on the votched the Mexicans with

If he was hungry he showed it only by the cigarettes he smoked, and Hooker, studying up the chances he would take by hiring a deserter, let

him wait until he came to a decision. "Oyez, Amigo," he hailed at last, and, rubbing his hand around on his stomach, he smiled questioningly. whereat the Yaqui nodded his head avidly

"Stawano!" said Hooker, "ven." And he left his Mexicans to dawdle as they would while he led the Indian to camp. There he showed him the coffee-pot and the kettle of beans by the fire, set out a siab of Dutch-oven bread and a sack of jerked beef, some stewed fruit and a can of sirup, and left him to do his worst

In the course of half an hour or so he came back and found the Yaqui sopping up sirup with the last of the bread and humming a little tune. So they sat down and smoked a cigarette and came to the business at hand.

"Where you go?" inquired Bud; but Amigo only shrugged enigmatically. "You like to work?" continued Bud, and the Indian broke into a smile of

"Muy bien," said Hooker with finality; "I give Mexicans two dollars a day-I give you four. Is that enough?"

"Si," nodded the Yaqui, and without more words he followed Bud back to the cut. There, in half a day, he accomplished more than all the Mexicane put together, leaping boldly up the bank to dislodge hanging boulders. boosting them by main strength up onto the ramshackle tram they had constructed, and trundling them out to the dump with the shove of a mighty

He was a willing worker, using his such a hustler and made their puny efforts seem so ineffectual by comparison, he managed in some mysterious way to gain the immediate approval of the Mexicans. Perhaps it was his all pervasive good nature, or the respect inspired by his hardihood; perhaps the qualities of natural leadership which had made him a picked man among his brother Yaquis. But when, late in the afternoon, Bud came back from a trip to the tent he found Amigo in charge of the gang, heaving and struggling and making motions

with his head. 'Good enough!" he muttered, after watching him for a minute in silence. and leaving the new boss in command, he went back and started supper

That was the beginning of a new day at the Eagle Tail, and when De Lancey came back from town-whith-



Bud Was Doing the Blacksmithing.

er he went whenever he could conjure up an errand-he found that, for once, he had not been missed.

Bud was doing the blacksmithing. Amigo was directing the gang, and a fresh mess of beans was on the fire. the first kettleful having gone to reinforce the Yaqui's backbone. But they were beans well spent, and Bud did not regret the raid on his grub-pile. If he could get half as much work for what he fed the Mexicans he could well rest content.

"But how did this Indian happen to find you?" demanded Phil, when his pardner had explained his acquisition. Say, he must have deserted from his company when they brought them back from Moctesuma!"

"More'n likely," assented Bud. "He ain't talking much, but I notice be keeps his eye out-they'd shoot him for a deserter if they could ketch him. I'd hate to see him go that way."

"Well, if he's as good as this, let's take care of him!" cried Phil with enthusiasm. "I'll tell you, Bud, there's something big coming off pretty soon and I'd like to etay around town a little more if I could. I want to keep "Fr instance?" suggested Hooker

dryly. It had struck him that Phil was spending a good deal of time in

miners working at Fortuna, and they say every one of 'em has got a rifle buried. Now they're beginning to quit and drift out into the hills, and we're likely to hear from them any time."

"All the more reason for staying in camp, then," remarked Bud. "I'll tell and I need you to say where to dig. We ain't doing much better than old Aragon did-just rooting around in morning and came back at night, but that rock-pile-let's do a little timbering, and sink."

"You can't timber that rock," answered De Lancey decidedly. "And someone should slip in and surprise twenty feet deep than it is to tunnel his pet horse, Copper Bottom, and the or sink a shaft. Wait till we get to Yaqui Indian, Amigo. that porphyry contact - then we'll know where we're at."

"All right," grumbled Bud; "but there. What's the news downtown?"

"Well, the fireworks have begun the same name on him. again over in Chihuahua-Orozco and Salazar and that bunch-but it seems an American mining man from down that way and he told me that the federals marched out to where the rebels were and then sat down and watched them-some kind of an understanding it was always Amigo who arose and between Bernardo Bravo and these lit the fire, blackleg federals.

"The only fighting there was was when a bunch of twenty Yaquis got away from their officers in the rough lye, broiling meat on sticks, and went country and went after Bernardo Bra- to turn out the horses. to by their lonesome. That threw a big scare into him, too, but he man- glances cast at Copper Bottom, Hooker aged to fight them off-and if I was had built a stout corral, where he kept making a guess I'd bet that your Yaqui the horses up at night, allowing them friend was one of that fighting to graze close-hobbled in the daytime. twenty."

you say nothing. I need that hombre any horses or mules in the country. in my business. Come on, let's go up and several bands of ex-miners from and look at that cut-I come across Fortuna had gone through their camp an old board today, down in the muck. in that condition, with new rifes in and I bet you it's a piece that Kruger their hands. But if they had any deleft. Funny we don't come across signs on the Eagle Tail live stock they some of his tools, though, or the hole speedily gave them up; for, while he where the powder went off."

to do then but lay off the men and wait came to admiring his horse. till I get my papers. That's why I say don't hurry so hard-we haven't got trusted him, he had reservations about we won't get it, either-not for some found him petting him and stroking

for that, "Hello, what's the Yaqui never to careas himfound?"

him, he picked up three rusty drills sighted a deer, and when Bud loaned and an fron drill-spoon and presented him his rifle he killed it with a single them to Bud.

Evidently he had learned the object of their search from the Mexicans, but if he looked for any demonstrations of delight at eight of these much soughtment, for both Bud and Phil had schooled themselves to keep their faces straight.

"Um-m," said Bud, "old drills, eh? Where you find them?"

The Yaqui led the way to the face Mexican, not to be outdone, grabbed up a handful of porphyry and indicated where the dynamite had pulver-

"Bien," said Phil, pawing solemnly specks of gold and grunted, "Oro!" around in the bottom of the hole: and then, filling his handkerchief with fine down into his pocket, he produced andirt, he carried it down to the creek other like it. At this the Yaqui cocked There, in a miner's pan, he washed his head to one side and regarded him it out carefully, slopping the waste strangely. over the edge and swirling the water around until at last only a little dirt at last, and then Bud told him the head violently; "no—no! I want this was left in the bottom of the pan. story. Then, while all the Mexicans looked scanning the last remnant for goldand quit without a color.

"Nada!" he cried, throwing down the pan, and in some way the Mexicans sensed the fact that the mine had | for you then?" turned out a failure. Three times he went back to the cut and scooped up the barren dust, and then he told the men they could quit.

"No more work!" he said, affecting a dejected bitterness; "no hay nadathere is nothing!" And with this sad. but by no means unusual, ending to their labore, the Mexicans went away to their camp, speculating among themselves as to whether they could get their pay. But when the last of them had gone Phil beckoned Bud into the tent and showed him a piece of quartz

"Just take a look at that!" he said. and a single glance told Hooker that it was full of fine particles of gold. "I picked that up when they weren't looking," whispered De Lancey, his eyes dancing with triumph. "It's the

same rock-the same as Kruger's!" "Well, put 'er there, then, pardner!" cried Bud, grabbing at De Lancey's

hand: "we've struck it!" And with a broad grin on their deceitful faces they danced silently around the tent, after which they paid off the Mexicans and bade them

CHAPTER XIV.

It is a great sensation striking ft rich-one of the greatest in the world. achieving it once; Bud and Phil had riders came around the point—a rural taken a chance, and the prize now lay and Aragon! within their grasp. Only a little while now-a month, maybe, if the officials slow-and the title would be

to wait. But to wait, as some people | their mine, and be awaited their comknow, is the hardest work in the ing grimly. world.

For the first few days they lingered about the mine, gloating over it in stood silent before his tent, looking secret, laughing back and forth, singing gay songs-then, as the ecstasy a hard-looking citizen, as many of you, Phil, I need you here. That passed and the weariness of waiting dogged ledge is lost, good and plenty, set in, they went two ways. Some fascination, unexplained to Bud, drew De Lancey to the town. He left in the Hooker stayed at the mine.

Day and night, week-days and Sundays, he watched it jealously, lest besides, it's cheaper to make a cut their secret—and for company he had

Ignacic was the Indian's real name. for the Yaquis are all good Catholics and named uniformly after the saints; seems like we're a long time getting but Bud had started to call him Amigo, or friend, and Ignacio had conferred

Poor Ignacio! His four-dollar-a-day job had gone glimmering in half a there was something to this Mocte day, but when the Mexican laborers zuma scare, after all. I was talking to departed he lingered around the camp, doing odd jobs, until he won a place for himself

At night he slept up in the rocks, where no treachery could take him them cross the river without firing on unaware, but at the first peep of dawn Then, if no one got up, he cooked a

breakfast after his own ideas, boiling the coffee until it was as strong as With the memory of many envious

A Mexican insurrecto on foot is a "I reckon," assented Bud; "but don't contradiction of terms, if there are

would feed them and even listen to When we do that," observed Phil, their false tales of patriotism, Bud we'll be where we're going. Nothing had no respect for numbers when it

Even with the Yaqui, much as he our title to this claim, pardner, and Copper Bottom; and once, when he head every minute; but though he was time yet. Suppose you'd hit this his nose, he shook his head forbiddingly. And from that day on, though "Well, if I hit it," remarked Bud, he watered Copper Bottom and cared "I'll stay with it-you can trust me for his wants, Amigo was careful

But in all other matters, even to As they came up the cut Amigo quit | lending him his gun. Bud trusted the work and, while the Mexicans followed Yaqui absolutely. It was about a week suit and gathered expectantly behind after he came to camp that Amigo

shot. Soon afterward he came loping back from a scouting trip and made signs for the gun again, and this time he brought in a young peccary, which he for tools he was doomed to disappoint- roasted in a pit, Indian style. After that, when the ment was low, Bud sent him out to hunt, and each time he brought back a wild bog or a deer for every cartridge.

The one cross under which the Yaqui suffered was the apparent faftof the cut and showed the spot, a hole ure of the mine, and, after slipping up Bud, seizing his horse by the bit and beneath the pile of riven rock; and into the cut a few times, he finally throwing him back on hi

"Mira!" he said, holding out a piece of rock; and when Hooker gazed at the rural wishes to search," he said, the chunk of quartz be pointed to the turning to that astounded official. "be

"Seguro!" answered Bud, and going

"We have an enemy," he said, "who on, he tailed this toward the edge, might steal it from us. So now we wait for papers. When we get them, we dig!"

"Ah!" breathed Amigo, his face suddenly clearing up; "and can I work

"Si," answered Bud, "for four dollars a day. But now you belp me

watch, so nobody comes " "Stawano!" exclaimed the Indian,

well satisfied, and after that he spent bours on the hilltop, his black head thrust out over the crest like a chuckawalla lizard as he conned the land So the days went by until three weeks had passed, and still no papers

came. As his anxiety increased Phil fell into the habit of staying in town overnight, and finally he was gone for two days. The third day was drawing to a close, and Bud was getting restless, when suddenly he beheld the Yaqui bounding down the hill in great leaps and making signs down the canyon.

"Two men!" he called, dashing up to the tent; "one of them a rural!" "Why a rural?" asked Bud, mysti-

"To take me!" cried Amigo, striking himself violently on the breast. "Lend me your rifle!" "No," answered Bud, after a pause

you might get into trouble. Run and hide in the rocks-I will signal you when to come back." "Muy blen," said the Yagui obedi-

ently, and, turning, he went up over rocks like a mountain-sheep, bounding from boulder to boulder until he disappeared among the hilltops. Then, Some men punch a burro over the as Bud brought in his horse and shut him hastily inside his correl, the two

Now, in Mazico a rural, as Bud well

'S tardes," he said in reply to the rural's abrupt salute, and then be them over shrewdly. The rural was them are, but on this occasion be seemed a trifle embarrassed, glancing inquiringly at Aragon. As for Aragon, he was gazing at a long line of terked meat which Amigo had hung out to dry, and his drooped eye opened up suddenly as he turned his cold regard upon Hooker.

"Senor," he said, speaking with an accusing harshness, "we are looking for the men who are stealing my cattle, and I see we have not far to go. Where did you get that meat?"

"I got it from a deer," returned Bud; "there is his hide on the fence; you can see it if you'll look." The rural, glad to create a diver-

sion, rode over and examined the hide and came back satisfied, but Aragon was not so easily appeared.

"By what right," he demanded trueulently, "do you, an American, kill



deer in our country? Have you the special permit which is required?" "No, senor," answered Hooker so-

berly; "the deer was killed by a Mexican I have working for me!" "Ha!" sneered Aragon, and then be

paused, balked "Where is this Mexican!" inquired the rural, his professional instincts roused, and while flud was explaining that he was out in the hills comewhere, Aragon spurred his horse up closer and peered curiously into his test.

What are you looking for?" demanded Hooker sharply, and then Aragon showed his hand

"I am looking for the drills and drillspoon," he said; "the ones you stole when you took my mine!"

"Then get back out of there!" cried and stay out!" he added, as he dropped his hand to his gun. "But if is welcome to do so."

"Muchas gracias, no!" returned the rural, shaking a finger in front of his face, and then he strode over to where Aragon was muttering and spoke in a low tone

dictively upon Bud. "He has stolen my tools my mine my land! He has no business here no title! This land is mine, and I tell him to go. Pronto!" he shouted, menacing Hooker with his riding whip, but Bud only shifted his feet and stopped listening to his excited Spanish

"No. senor," he said, when it was all over, "this claim belongs to my pardner, De Lancey. You have no-

"Ha! De Lancey!" jeered Aragon suddenly indulging himself in a sardonic laugh. "De Lancey! Ha, ha!"
"What's the matter?" cried Hooker, as the rural joined in with a deristve smirk "Say, speak up, hombre!" he threatened, stepping closer as his even took on a dangerous gleam. "And let

any man touches a hair of his bead I'll kill him like a dog!" The rural backed his horse away, as if suddenly discovering that the American was dangerous, and then, saluting respectfully as he took his leave,

me tell you now," he added, "that if

he said: "The Senor De Lancey is to tail!" They whirled their horses at that and galloped off down the canyon, and as Bud gazed after them he burst into a frenzy of curses. Then, with the one thought of setting Phil free, be ran out to the corral and hurled the

saddle on his horse. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Even More Deserving Beggar-Mister, I ain't had not o eat for two days.

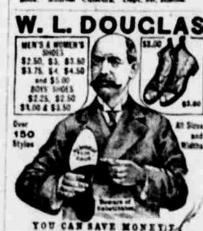
same story a week ago. Beggar-Oh! Then surely be you'll help a pore man who nin't had sothin' to eat for nine days. -Boston Evening Transcript.

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